# The Light of Faith

Edgar A Guest

125

# The Light of Faith

By

Edgar A. Guest

*Verse*—

The Light of Faith
A Heap o' Livin'
Just Folks
Poems of Patriotism
The Path to Home
When Day Is Done
The Passing Throng
Rhymes of Childhood

*Illustrated*—

All That Matters

*Prose*—

What My Religion Means To Me
Making the House a Home
My Job as a Father

*Gift Books*—

Mother
Home
Friends

# *The*
# Light of Faith

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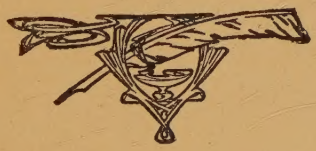

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*The Light of Faith*

To

Nellie and The Children

This Book

Is Lovingly Dedicated

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*There are no tricks in plain*
*and simple faith.*

Shakespeare

# The Light of Faith

When the dark days come and the clouds grow
gray
All men must brave them as best they may,
With never too much repining;
And bravest is he, when the shadows fall,
Who sees in the gloom of his darkened hall
The light of his faith still shining.

In those lonely days when his heart shall ache
And it seems that soon shall his courage break,
There is only one place to borrow;
One place to go for the strength he needs,
He must bind with faith every wound that bleeds,
And cling to his faith through sorrow.

For truly forlorn is the man who weeps
When his dead lies buried in floral heaps
And friends his path are lining;
And a pitiful creature he's doomed to be
If he cannot look through the gloom and see
The light of his faith still shining.

## *Thought for the Day*

This day is mine to mar or make,
God keep me strong and true;
Let me no erring by-path take,
No doubtful action do.

Grant me, when with the setting sun
This fleeting day shall end,
I may rejoice o'er something done,
Be richer by a friend.

Let all I meet along the way
Speak well of me to-night,
I would not have the humblest say
I'd hurt him by a slight.

Let me be patient and serene,
Gentle and kind and fair,
Help me to keep my record clean
Through all that I must bear.

Grant that because I live to-day,
And to my thoughts give voice,
O'er something he shall hear me say
Another shall rejoice.

Let there be something true and fine
When night slips down, to tell
That I have lived this day of mine
Not selfishly, but well.

## *The Young World*

The sky's a sea of blue to-day,
Where white-sailed vessels drift away;
The city walls beneath remain
The prisons gray of care and pain;
But just beyond, the orchard trees
Are throwing perfume on the breeze,
And where stood winter yesterday,
The loveliest blossoms nod and sway.

A city wall ne'er comes to bloom,
But passes to an ugly doom;
While trees and hills and stream and field
With every changing season yield
Their touch of loveliness to life.
The song birds come with flute and fife,
And all things tell in Nature's tongue
That this old world is always young.

Young birds nest in the oldest trees,
And with their music flood the breeze.
Old brooks unto the ocean flow
The way they did long years ago.
They glisten in the morning sun
And past the great stones leap and run—

Old as the hills they wind among,
Old as the hills, yet ever young.

Cities are victims of decay—
No springtime comes to steel and clay;
But just beyond, where Nature reigns
And ancient loveliness remains,
The blossoms to the trees return,
The woods grow green with moss and fern,
The lanes with daffodils are strung,
Old as the hills, yet ever young.

## *Adventurers*

He risked for much, and risking, knew
    What failure meant.
His all into the game he threw,
    And as it went,
He stood prepared to pay the cost
And not to whimper when he lost.

He knew defeat would sweep away
    His ventured gold,
Knew he must face the winter day
    And brave the cold . . . . . .
Failing, he said: "The thing is done.
'Twould have been splendid, had I won."

Would you be safe, then never dare
    For greater things—
Quit not the beaten thoroughfare,
    Nor try your wings;
But when the path of chance you choose,
Still play the man, although you lose.

This is the pledge men make with Fate:
    "Here is our all!
Either we'll stand among the great,
    Or broken, fall.
Splendid the goal we hope to gain;
But failing, we shall not complain."

## *Life*

A little laughter, and a time for tears,
A stretch of duty, and an hour for play—
'Tis thus we march life's journey through the years
From baby curls to tresses thin and gray.

A friend or two whose faith in us remains;
A roof where love has sheltered every dream,
Has counted all its losses and its gains—
These make the fabric of life's noble scheme.

I saw a game played with a crowd of boys;
Men gave them wire and string and nails and tin
And said: "A prize to him who best employs
These useless things and brings his product in."

Then from those trivial bits grew ships a-sail—
One lad the model of a castle made.
And there I saw us all, who win, who fail,
Although 'twas but a game the youngsters played.

Life gives us bits of joys and bits of cares,
And bids us fashion something as a whole.
We choose our own design, and if it bears
The stamp of merit—God rewards the soul.

## *The Oak Tree Talks*

This said the whispering oak:
"I've marveled, too,
Young dreamer, just as you,
In days before you were I held my place
And wondered at God's grace;
And I have seen His power
In raging tempest and a summer shower.
Now I am wiser far
Than all the wisest of your people are.
To suit God's mighty purposes and plans,
Mine is a longer life than man's.
I was before you were, and it may be
Children of many ages I shall see.

"Dreamer, that sun which sets the sky aflame
Was here before you came
To cope with sin and shame;
Those stars at night
Have shed their lovely light
Upon this weary world where mortals doubt,
And all man's science cannot put one out.
Long have I ceased to fear,
For I have felt God near;
Though you were made a man and I a tree,
More wonders I have seen than you shall see.

"God's voice is in the breeze which stirs my leaves,
And in the song
Of birds I've nested long.
At autumn I have felt and know His thrill
In every tawny acorn which I spill.
Oh, brave your pain,
For you shall live again.
I know it by the marvels I have seen:
There is a richer life than this has been.
I know it, and the song birds know it, too,
The stars have knowledge God denies to you.
Strange, is it not, that in His wondrous plan
A tree should have to prove God's love to man?"

## *A Plea*

Grant me to close the day without regret;
Let me not into careless conduct fall,
Gaining my little purposes, and yet
Wishing some hasty words I could recall.

Increase my stock of patience, Lord, I pray!
Let me not whimper loudly at my care;
Let me take pride at evening in the way
I met the trials which were mine to bear.

Teach me to play the man in little things,
To suffer disappointments when I must,
To brave the irritation failure brings
And still be kind and generous and just.

Let me not stain my victories with hate;
When night comes on let me look back and see
In all that I've accomplished, small or great,
Nothing which brings regret or shame to me.

## *They're Waiting Over There*

They're waiting for us over there,
The young, the beautiful and fair
Who left us, oh, so long ago,
Lonely and hurt on earth below,
Are waiting bravely, never fear,
Until our faces shall appear.

Then when our journey here is done
And we set out to follow on
And pass the heavy mantled door
Which leads to rest forevermore,
They will be there to laugh away
The loneliness we feel to-day.

They'll welcome us with wondrous grace
And show us all about the place,
They'll take us gently by the hand
And guide us through that radiant land,
They'll tell us all they've learned and seen
Through the long absence that has been.

We'll meet the friends who have been kind
To them the while we stayed behind,
Angels who long have dwelt above
And welcomed them with arms of love,

Who sheltered them the long years through,
Just as we'd prayed for them to do.

Though now you mourn, who stay behind,
How sad 'twould be to leave, and find
Upon that distant other shore
No loved one who had gone before—
The gates of Heaven to enter through
With not one there to welcome you.

As now when some long journey ends
And we're received by smiling friends
Who've watched and waited for our train,
So shall they welcome us again;
The young, the beautiful and fair
Will all be waiting for us there.

## *A Sense of Humor*

"What shall I give him now?" said God.
"He has the strength with which to plod
The ways of life, the love of right,
The gift of song when the skies are bright.

"Wisdom is planted in his mind,
This man shall be both true and kind,
Earth's beauty shall delight his eyes
And to its glories he shall rise.

"He shall know right from wrong, and he
Defender of the faith shall be;
What more on him can I bestow
Before to earth I let him go?"

Then spake an angel standing near:
"Wisdom is not enough, I fear,
Master, for all that he must do—
Grant him a sense of humor, too.

"Grant him to smile at petty wrong,
The changing moods which sway the throng;
When cares annoy him, show him then
How laughable are angry men!"

Years after, when his strength was tasked,
"What keeps you patient?" he was asked,
"What keeps you brave who are so tried?"
"My sense of humor," he replied.

## *A Father's Prayer*

Lord, make me tolerant and wise;
  Incline my ears to hear him through;
Let him not stand with downcast eyes,
  Fearing to trust me and be true.
Instruct me so that I may know
The way my son and I should go.

When he shall err, as once did I,
  Or boyhood folly bids him stray,
Let me not into anger fly
  And drive the good in him away.
Teach me to win his trust, that he
Shall keep no secret hid from me.

Lord, strengthen me that I may be
  A fit example for my son.
Grant he may never hear or see
  A shameful deed that I have done.
However sorely I am tried,
Let me not undermine his pride.

In spite of years and temples gray,
  Still let my spirit beat with joy;

Teach me to share in all his play
And be a comrade with my boy.
Wherever we may chance to be,
Let him find happiness with me.

Lord, as his father, now I pray
For manhood's strength and counsel wise;
Let me deal justly, day by day,
In all that fatherhood implies.
To be his father, keep me fit;
Let me not play the hypocrite!

## *Old Man Green*

Old Man Green, you've never heard of,
Papers never used a word of
Him or anything he did;
Seems as though his light was hid
Day by day from mortal eyes,
Wasn't clever, great or wise;
Just a carpenter who made
Odds and ends and liked his trade.

Old Man Green lived over there
In that humble cottage, where
Five plump babies came to bless
Those small rooms with happiness;
And as time went on they grew
Just as rich men's children do;
Three smart boys and two fine girls
With the prettiest of curls.

Old Man Green from day to day
Put up shelves to earn his pay,
Took the little that he made
Following faithfully his trade.
And somehow his wife and he
Managed it most carefully,
And five children, neat and clean,
Answered to the name of Green.

Old Man Green with saw and plane
Little from the world could gain,
But with that small sum he earned
Many things his children learned.
"Those Green boys," the teachers said,
"Have the stuff to get ahead.
Finest girls we've ever seen—
Little Kate and Mary Green."

This is all there is to tell,
Boys and girls are doing well;
Each with courage and with grace
Fills in life an honored place.
Old Man Green is dead and gone,
But his worth is shining on,
This his praise, if praise be needed,
As a father he succeeded.

## *The Unseen Guests*

It's the friends who come to call,
Who make bright the room and hall.

What see you in yonder chair
But the friends who've rested there?

Do they not still linger near
Who have once brought laughter here?

When a friend has left your door,
Would you say he'll come no more?

Once admitted, can you say
That he'll ever go away?

He shall come when you rejoice,
He shall answer to your voice.

Through the long years, smiling there,
He shall keep his favorite chair.

And as days shall come and go
Many a friend these rooms shall know.

They shall live and still be known,
Gracing everything you own.

For the memories we hold
Are what some call growing old.

## *Out in the World*

I would not shirk the task nor scorn the fight,
  Nor ask a life untouched by doubt or care;
Lord, give me strength to battle for the right,
  And courage for the burdens I must bear.
I seek not always shelter from the rain—
A timid child at life's small window pane.

The wind blew yesterday. A cruel storm
  Snarled at the toilers of the busy world,
And at my little window, snug and warm,
  I watched the angry snowdrifts as they swirled.
Thought I: "The weaklings at their firesides stay,
Only the brave men venture out to-day!"

Grant me the open world where tempests blow,
  A man's place in the ranks of men I'd fill.
Grant me to brave my share of doubt and woe,
  To dull complaining let my voice be still;
Let me be out there, fighting might and main,
Not an on-looker at some window pane.

## *The Road to Glory*

You'll never get to glory, lad, along the glittering road,
Your shoulders must be big and strong to bear the heavy load;
And you must put the pleasures by,
The painted cheek and smiling eye,
The merry dance and rousing song, to do what duty asks.
The road to glory's straight, and far
Away from where the revels are,
With many a dusty mile to tread and countless dreary tasks.

Two ways there are for youth to go, and one is gay with song;
The other calls for earnest men and rugged hearts and strong.
Bewitching sirens lure the feet
Of those who sigh for pleasures sweet,
But when the purse is empty, boy, in scorn they pass you by;
'Tis time enough to dance and sing
When you have done some useful thing,
And youth must strike for goals afar which old men dare not try.

You'll never get to glory, lad, by traveling pleasure's way;
Who steps aside for dance and game shall see his strength decay.
So bend your shoulders to the load
And trudge the rough and dusty road,
Content to reap at harvest time the fruits of what you do;
And choose the brave and earnest souls
Whose eyes have turned to distant goals,
And they shall make you strong and wise and peace shall dwell with you.

## *The Cheat*

I cheated a good friend yesterday,
Kept what was his, and went my way,
Wronged him by silence—for in haste
I let a glad thought go to waste.

I had a word of cheer to speak,
To strengthen him when he grew weak,
To send him smiling on his way—
But what I thought I didn't say.

He would have richer been to know
That deed of his had pleased me so,
But oh, I failed to let him see
How much his conquest meant to me.

I cheated him of words of praise
Which would have cheered his troubled days;
In this a faithful friend I wronged,
By keeping what to him belonged.

The praise was his by right to hear,
To him belonged my word of cheer;
In silence, though, from him I turned
And cheated him of what he'd earned.

## *Self*

This much I know: ill-gotten gain
Is laden with unceasing pain.

However covered his deceit,
The trickster knows himself a cheat.

Strangers, mistaking false for true,
Still leave him wondering "if they knew."

Men will some trivial wrong forget,
But he who caused it, feels it yet.

Others mistaking sham for real,
Know not what conscience can reveal.

However cleverly you weave,
Self is the one you can't deceive.

Better it is to lose the prize
Than win by methods you despise.

Beware the plaudits of the crowd,
Of what you do let self be proud.

No greater torture can be named
Than of yourself to be ashamed.

## *Hope*

There's hope in a place, however dark,
  There's hope in a prison cell.
'Twas hope that lightened up Noah's Ark
  When the raging waters fell.
And there's never a breast so bleak and bare
But the spark of hope is glistening there.

There is hope whatever the place may be,
  There is hope in the darkened room,
Hope on the storm-tossed, angry sea
  And hope at a loved one's tomb.
And there's never a heart so sorely torn
But can cherish the hope of a brighter morn.

Hope can shine through a gray stone wall
  And barriers strong and stout,
And hope can answer the faintest call
  And no power can shut it out.
Though a man be shackled and locked away,
Hope sings to him of a better day.

For hope will follow the will to be,
  And go with the will to do,
And there's none so low in this world but he
  May fashion his life anew.
For hope shall shine through the darkened day
Till the last brave man shall have passed away.

## *Brothers All*

We're brothers all, whate'er the place,
Brothers whether in rags or lace,
Brothers all, by the good Lord's grace.

Some may sit in a royal hall,
Some may dwell where the rooms are small,
But under the skin we are brothers all.

Some may toil 'neath the burning sun,
Some may dream where the waters run,
But we're brothers all when the day is done.

By the sun that shines and the rains that fall,
By the shadows flung on the garden wall,
By the good Lord's grace, we are brothers all.

By the hurt that comes and the falling tear,
By the common grief at the silent bier,
And the grave that awaits, we are brothers here.

## *The Joy of the Future*

Trouble is laughter as soon as it's done,
Danger is joy when the battle is won,
The night is forgotten when morning's begun,
So don't stay too long at your wailing.
The rough road is dreary to travel but you
Will look back and smile when your journey is through,
You may doubt this to-day, but you'll find it is true,
So don't fret too much when you're failing.

The care which now burdens you down will grow light,
Your doubts and your fears will soon slip out of sight,
And you'll laugh at them all when you've put them to flight,
So don't be too gloomy about them;
For the pride of to-morrow is fashioned to-day,
Men boast of the burdens they've borne on the way,
And the fears which this morning fill you with dismay
You will laugh at the moment you rout them.

There's none of us free from the whiplash of care,
The gladdest of hearts has been stung by despair,
But all come to beauty some time and somewhere,
So don't dwell too long in your sorrow;
Be brave and be strong as you stand to the test,
By the burdens you've borne you will see you were blest,
All the hardships endured will seem sweet, as you rest
And you come to that brighter to-morrow.

## *False Counselors*

They taught him how to come to skill,
They talked of courage and of will,
They gave him mottoes day by day
To spur him on his upward way.
"Success is all that counts," they said,
"Dig in my boy and get ahead!"

Believing all they had to say,
The boy dug in from day to day;
To reach the goal he would attain
He labored on with might and main.
"Success is all that counts!" they cried.
So never once he turned aside.

By fighting here and scheming there,
With now and then a blow unfair
Dealt thoughtlessly for victory's sake
He reached the goal he'd hoped to make.
In terms of money and its fame
Success at last was his to claim.

But in the shadow of his goal
He found himself a lonely soul;
He wished to hear his praises voiced,

But in his conquest few rejoiced.
Men whispered with a bitter smile
How cruelly "he'd made his pile."

They had forgot, who trained his mind,
To teach him that he must be kind;
That friendship is a dearer thing
Than all that victory can bring.
"Success is all that counts?" he cried.
"The men who gave that counsel, lied!"

## *Friendship*

You do not need a score of men to laugh and sing
with you;
You can be rich in comradeship with just a friend
or two.
You do not need a monarch's smile to light your
way along;
Through weal or woe a friend or two will fill your
days with song.

So let the many go their way, and let the throng
pass by;
The crowd is but a fickle thing which hears not
when you sigh.
The multitude is quick to run in search of favorites
new,
And all that man can hold for grief is just a friend
or two.

When winds of failure start to blow, you'll find the
throng has gone—
The splendor of a brighter flame will always lure
them on;
But with the ashes of your dreams, and all you
hoped to do,
You'll find that all you really need is just a friend
or two.

You cannot know the multitude, however hard you
try:
It cannot sit about your hearth; it cannot hear you
sigh;

It cannot read the heart of you, or know the hurts
you bear;
Its cheers are all for happy men and not for those
in care.

So let the throng go on its way and let the crowd
depart;
But one or two will keep the faith when you are
sick at heart;
And rich you'll be, and comforted, when gray skies
hide the blue,
If you can turn and share your grief with just a
friend or two.

## *Let Me*

Let me go through the day
  With kindly thought for all;
To live, to work, to play,
  And with the night recall
The journey and its care
And find no hatred there.

Let me come home at night
  Clear-eyed and unashamed,
Still clinging to the right,
  My record undefamed;
Let not my conscience see
The marks of shame on me.

Let me not, mad for gain,
  Or pomp or place or pride,
Cause others needless pain
  Or thrust the weak aside;
Let no one say I've been
Cruel or base or mean.

Whatever may befall
  My lot throughout the day,
Let me come through it all
  Fair as I start away;
Let me, when night brings rest,
Know that I've done my best.

## *Belief*

Since laughter comes and laughter goes
  And all the winds of summer pass,
When underneath the drifted snows
There sleep the violet and the rose,
  The scarlet poppy and the grass;
Doubt you, beside your window pane,
That summer time will come again?

So cold the wind, so bleak the sky,
  So cruel is the sting of frost
That everything which charmed the eye
But yesterday as you walked by,
  From life now seems forever lost;
Yet do you doubt on such a day
That there will be another May?

When out of life the laughter goes,
  And sorrow's winds blow bleak and cold,
And steal from lovely cheeks the rose,
And with death's seal fair eyelids close,
  Then to your faith can you not hold?
Have you not courage and belief
To brave your winter time of grief?

The barren fields shall green again,
  In silent trees the birds shall nest;
Then shall life desolate remain,
Bleak with eternal gloom and pain?
  Are roses more than mortals blest?
Not so! For us who feel death's sting
God keeps a lovelier, ampler spring!

## *Imagination*

The dreamer sees the finished thing before the start
is made;
He sees the roses pink and red beyond the rusty
spade,
And all that bleak and barren spot which is so
bare to see
Is but a place where very soon the marigolds will be.

Imagination carries him across the dusty years,
And what is dull and commonplace in radiant
charm appears.
The little home that he will build where willows
bend and bow
Is but the dreamer's paper sketch, but he can see
it now.

He sees the little winding walk that slowly finds
his door,
The chimney in its ivy dress, the children on the
floor,
The staircase where they'll race and romp, the
windows where will gleam
The light of peace and happiness—the house that's
still a dream.

You see but weeds and rubbish there, and ugliness
and grime,
But he can show you where there'll be a swing
in summer time.

And he can show you where there'll be a fireplace
rich with cheer,
Although you stand and shake your head and think
the dreamer queer.

Imagination! This it is the dreamer has to-day;
He sees the beauty that shall be when time has
cleared the way.
He reads the blueprint of his years, and he can
plainly see
Beyond life's care and ugliness—the joy that is to
be.

## *Courage, Courage, Courage!*

When the burden grows heavy, and rough is the way,
When you falter and slip, and it isn't your day,
And your best doesn't measure to what is required,
When you know in your heart that you're fast growing tired,
With the odds all against you, there's one thing to do;
Call on your courage and see the thing through.

Who battles for victory ventures defeat.
Misfortune is something we all have to meet;
Take the loss with the grace you would take in the gain,
When things go against you, don't whine or complain;
Just call on your courage and grin if you can,
Though you fail to succeed, do not fail as a man.

There are dark days and stormy, which come to us all,
When about us in ruin our hopes seem to fall.
But stand to whatever you happen to meet—

We must all drink the bitter as well as the sweet.
And the test of your courage is: What do you do
In the hour when reverses are coming to you?

Never changed is the battle by curse or regret,
Though you whimper and whine, still the end
must be met.
And who fights a good fight, though he struggle
in vain,
Shall have many a vict'ry to pay for his pain.
So take your reverses as part of the plan
Which God has devised for creating a man.

## *Little Things*

Lord, make me strong enough to bear
My little round of anxious care.
The day returns. For this I pray:
Sufficient wisdom for the day.
Although I may not walk with kings,
Let me be big in little things.

Grace me with modesty and teach
Me kindliness of thought and speech;
Let me not hasty be to chide
The children walking at my side,
And spoil with imperfections slight
The record which the day shall write.

Lord, make me big enough I pray
To triumph in a lesser way.
When petty disappointments rise,
Let me be patient, gentle, wise.
Missing the joy which greatness brings
Let me not fail in little things.

Lord, I would work and neighbor here,
Too big to hate, too wise to sneer.
I would be helpful, cheerful, kind,
Gentle of speech and broad of mind.
And though not far my circle swings,
Let me be great in little things.

## *Selfishness*

Think of yourself from first to last:
Guard yourself from the wintry blast;
Feed your stomach and quench your thirst;
Feather your nest and feather it first;
Fly to your pleasures and dance them through—
There is nobody else in this world but you.

Think of yourself—and right or wrong,
Give no thought to the passing throng.
What if your conduct should bring to shame
Those who honor and share your name?
What if they're hurt by the things you do?
Why should their suffering trouble you?

Live for yourself, but don't complain
When you have come to the world's disdain.
Don't return when the night comes on
And wonder where all your friends have gone.
Carry no burden except your own,
But always be ready to weep alone.

But if you wish for the happy years
And the love of a friend who sees your tears,
And the world's respect and an honored name,
And all the joys which the gentle claim,
You must think of others in all you do—
You must think of them first, and last of you.

## *The Test*

God won't ask if you were clever,
For I think He'll little care
When your toil is done forever;
He may question: "Were you square?
Did you do the best you could do
With the knowledge you possessed?
Did you do the things you should do?"
That will be your earthly test.

God won't ask what sort of labor
Life commissioned you to do.
Were you richer than your neighbor?
Of the many or the few?
But you knew what right and wrong were,
What was bad and what was good,
And you knew what weak and strong were;
Did you do the best you could?

Were you skillful, were you daring,
Were you brilliant? What of those?
All the medals you are wearing,
Once in death your eyelids close,
Will remain on earth behind you;
All you'll ever take away
Is the soul which God assigned you
For its tenement of clay.

There the great may be the humble
And the poor may be the rich;
And the weak and frail who stumble,
And the digger in the ditch,
May receive eternal glory
For the good they tried to do;
God shall smile to hear your story
If you lived to what you knew.

## *Life's Canvas*

Sunshine and shadow and laughter and tears,
These are forever the paints of the years,
Splashed on the canvas of life day by day,
We are the artists, the colors are they.
We are the painters, the pigments we use
Never we're wholly permitted to choose.
Grief with its gray tint and joy with its red
Come from life's tubes to be blended and spread.

Here at the easel, the brushes at hand,
Each for a time is permitted to stand.
White was the canvas when first we began,
Ready to picture the life of a man.
Now we are splashing the pigments about,
Knowing the reds and the blues must give out,
Soon we must turn to the dull hues and gray,
Painting the sorrows that darken the way.

Now with the sunshine and now with the shade
Slowly but surely the picture is made.
Even the gray tints with beauty may glow
Recalling the joy of the lost long ago.
Let me not daub it with doubt and despair,
Deeds that are hasty, unkind and unfair,
But when the last bit of pigment is dried
Let me look back at my canvas with pride.

Let me, when trouble is mine to portray,
Dip, with good courage, my brush in the gray;
After the tears and the grief let there be
Something of faith for my children to see.
Lord, let me paint not in anger or hate,
Grant me the patience to work and to wait,
Make me an artist, though humble my style,
And let my life's canvas show something worth while.

## *Autumn*

I want to come to autumn with the silver in my hair,
And maybe have the children stop to look at me and stare;
I'd like to reach October free from blemish or from taint,
As splendid as a maple tree which artists love to paint.

I'd like to come to autumn, with my life work fully done
And look a little like a tree that's gleaming in the sun;
I'd like to think that I at last could come through care and tears
And be as fair to look upon as every elm appears.

But when I reach October, full contented I shall be
If those with whom I've walked through life shall still have faith in me;
Nor shall I dread the winter's frost, when brain and body tire,
If I have made my life a thing which others can admire.

## *True Worth*

That man is great, whatever be his labor,
Who wins the admiration of his neighbor.

Who, spite of purse or dress or pomp's dominion,
Meets all mankind and wins its good opinion.

That man is victor in life's last December
If but a few his kindliness remember.

True worth is not by genius fashioned solely,
Great souls are oftenest found among the lowly.

Brilliance of mind and skill of hand may grumble
And lack the glorious courage of the humble.

Fortune by chance upon the shrewd may visit,
But gentleness proclaims the soul exquisite.

Chance may uncover genius, striking blindly,
But 'tis an inward glory to be kindly.

That man is great, whatever be his station,
Who truly serves his God, his home, his nation.

## *The Men I Know*

This I'll say for the men I know:
  Most of them work for their daily bread,
  Most of them follow the path I tread,
Whether in places high or low
  Most of them cherish the flag o'erhead;
Most of them, eager for wealth or fame,
Seem to be proud of their family name.

Some of them strong and some of them weak,
  Some of them bitter at times in woe,
  But this I'll say for the men I know:
Rare indeed is the mental freak
  Who would order and decency overthrow,
Clever or dull or frail or strong,
Most of them shudder at doing wrong.

This I'll say for the men I know:
  Most of them want to be clean and true;
  In spite of the selfish things they do
Most of them try, as they come and go,
  To leave some glory for men to view.
A few turn traitor to God and state,
But most of the men I know walk straight.

## *Prayer for the Home*

Peace, unto this house, I pray,
Keep terror and despair away;
Shield it from evil and let sin
Never find lodging room within.
May never in these walls be heard
The hateful or accusing word.

Grant that its warm and mellow light
May be to all a beacon bright,
A flaming symbol that shall stir
The beating pulse of him or her
Who finds this door and seems to say,
"Here end the trials of the day."

Hold us together, gentle Lord,
Who sit about this humble board;
May we be spared the cruel fate
Of those whom hatreds separate;
Here let love bind us fast, that we
May know the joys of unity.

Lord, this humble house we'd keep
Sweet with play and calm with sleep.
Help us so that we may give
Beauty to the lives we live.
Let Thy love and let Thy grace
Shine upon our dwelling place.

## *Manhood*

What is manhood, boasted much,
Something we can sense or touch?
Can it be a brilliant thing
Like a jewel in a ring?
Can a teller in a bank
Add it up and place its rank?
Can surveyors draw a line
Separating yours from mine,
Marking with their rigid arts
Where it ends and where it starts?

What is manhood? How and when
Comes this treasured thing to men?
When depleted is the store,
Can a rich man order more,
Or a poor man from his lot
Sell to him who has it not?
Can you save it, would you say,
For the far-off rainy day,
Spurning many a simple need
For one great and glorious deed?

What is manhood? Tell us, sage!
Printed letters on a page?
Victory wreaths or medals bright?
Any cornered beast will fight,

Any man who's trouble free
Very fair will seem to be.
So, I fancy, deeper lies
This rare gift which mortals prize:
'Tis the thought and not the deed,
'Tis the spirit, not the creed.

What is manhood, boasted much?
Nothing we can hold or touch.
'Tis for truth to battle on
When the last false friend is gone;
It is living, conscience clear,
Day by day and year by year,
Suffering loss and taking gain,
Letting neither leave a stain;
Being warrior, neighbor, friend,
Brave and patient to the end.

## *I Believe*

I believe in friendship, and I believe in trees,
And I believe in hollyhocks a-swaying in the breeze,
And I believe in robins and roses white and red,
And rippling brooks and rivers and blue skies overhead,
And I believe in laughter, and I believe in love,
And I believe the daffodils believe in God above.

I am no unbeliever. I know that men are true,
I know the joy of summer time when skies above are blue,
I know there is no earthly power can shape a budding rose,
Or bring a daisy into bloom; with all that wisdom knows
It could not fashion, if it would, the humblest blade of grass
Or stretch a living carpet where the weary travelers pass.

I believe in friendship, for I have found it good,
And I believe in kindly words, for I have understood;

My faith is founded on the years and all that I have
seen,
Something of God I've looked upon no matter where
I've been.
Within a swamp but yesterday a lily smiled at me
And only God could set it there to bloom for me
to see.

## *Contentment*

Give me to look at life and be
  Contented with my share,
To love my spreading maple tree,
  The robins nesting there;
To find within my roses few
All that a million blooms could do.

Make me content with what is mine
  And put my heart at ease,
I have in every plant and vine
  All that a rich man sees.
Not many tulips bloomed this spring,
But each one was a lovely thing!

Teach me to value what I own
  And let me clearly see
The charm in every petal blown
  Upon the breeze to me;
The laughter here as sweetly rings
As in the palaces of kings.

Not in excess of luxuries lie
  The happiness men crave,
The rose that loves the dew would die
  If deluged by a wave;
Teach me this simple truth to know—
Past peace of mind we cannot go.

## *Things Work Out*

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't,
Because men do what they often shouldn't,
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong—
Some of us grumble all day long.
But somehow, in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at the last that things work out.

Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play—
Some of us whimper along life's way.
But somehow, as day always follow the night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.

Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
Because we think that the way is long—
Some of us whimper that life's all wrong.
But somehow we live and our sky grows bright,
And everything seems to work out all right.

So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For the clouds must break, and the sky grow fair.
Let the rain come down, as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still.
For in spite of the grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems, all things work out.

## *Hypocrisy*

It is all in vain to preach of the truth
To the eager ears of a trusting youth;
If, whenever the lad is standing by,
He sees you cheat and he hears you lie.
Fine words may grace the advice you give,
But youth will learn from the way you live.

Honor's a word that a thief may use,
High-sounding language the base may choose.
Speech is empty and preaching vain,
Though the truth shines clear and the lesson's plain;
If you play false, he will turn away,
For your life must square to the things you say.

He won't tread the path of your righteous talk,
But will follow the path which you daily walk.
"Not as I do, but do as I say"
Won't win him to follow the better way.
Through the thin veneer of your speech he'll see,
Unless you're the man you would have him be.

The longer you live you will find this true:
As you would teach, you must also do.
Rounded sentences, smooth and fair,
Were better not said if your deeds aren't square.
If you'd teach him to live to his very best,
You must live your life to the selfsame test.

## *A Plea for Growth*

Let me grow taller with the years,
Above the petty things of pride;
Let me look out and far and wide
Beyond the underbrush of spite,
The bickerings o'er wrong and right,
The little meannesses of life,
The loss or gain of selfish strife,
And let me see, when I grow tall,
High purpose glowing through it all.

Let me grow bigger with the years,
Too big to do the petty thing
Which for advantage leaves a sting;
Too big to sneer at simple worth
And honest toil and gentle mirth;
Too big, no matter where I am,
To try to hold my place with sham;
Too big, if I possess a foe,
To strike him with a coward's blow.

Let me grow wiser through the years—
Wiser in gentleness and truth,
Wiser in knowledge of the youth,
Wiser in living. Let me learn
That wheresoever I may turn,
Some beauty glows; that wealth nor fame
Can ne'er surpass an honest name.
And let this growth in wisdom be
Such as to make a man of me.

## *A Prayer*

Lord, let me do my little part
With courage and a willing heart.
Open my eyes that I may see,
However dark the day may be,
However rough the road I fare,
The purpose of the cross I bear.

Lord, let me wake when morning breaks
Undaunted by my old mistakes.
Let me arise as comes the sun
Glad for the task that must be done,
Rejoicing I have strength to give
Some beauty to the life I live.

Lord, let me hear the kindlier things,
The morning song the robin sings,
The laughter of the children near,
Their merry whisperings in my ear,
My neighbor's greeting at the gate,
Let these shut out the speech of hate.

Lord, let me see the beauty here,
The sky above me bright and clear,
The smile upon a friendly face,
The charm of health and all its grace,
The roses blooming everywhere,
In spite of hurt and grief and care.

Lord, strengthen me that I may keep
My faith, though bitterly I weep.
Grant me undaunted to remain
Through every storm of care and pain.
Lord, let me do my little part
With courage and a willing heart.

## *Uninstructed*

"I'm going to send you down to earth,"
  Said God to me one day,
"I'm giving you what men call 'birth'—
  To-night you'll start away;
I want you there to live with men
  Until I call you back again."

I trembled as I heard Him speak,
  Yet knew that I must go;
I felt His hand upon my cheek,
  And wished that I might know
Just what on earth would be my task,
  And timidly I dared to ask.

"Tell me before I start away
  What Thou would have me do;
What message would Thou have me say?
  When shall my work be through?
That I may serve Thee on the earth,
  Tell me the purpose of my birth."

God smiled at me and softly said:
"Oh, you shall find your task.
I want you free life's paths to tread,
So do not stay to ask.
Remember, if your best you do,
That I shall ask no more of you."

How often, as my work I do,
So commonplace and grim,
I sit and sigh and wish I knew
If I am pleasing Him.
I wonder if, with every test,
I've truly tried to do my best.

## *The Good World*

The Lord must have liked us, I say when I see
The bloom of the rose and the green of the tree,
The flash of the wing of a bird flitting by,
The gold of the grain and the blue of the sky,
The clover below and the tall pines above—
Oh, there's something about us the good Lord must
love.

The Lord must have liked us, I say when I stand
Where the waves like an army come into the land,
With the gulls riding high on the crest of the breeze
And the ducks flying north in their echelon V's,
The sun slipping down into liquefied gold—
Oh, it's then the great love of the Lord I behold.

The Lord must have liked us, I say at the dawn
When the diamonds of dew gleam and glow on
the lawn,
And the birds from their throats pour the red wine
of song
As if life held no burden of sorrow or wrong;
The Lord must have loved us, I whisper just then,
To give such a world to the children of men.

The Lord must have liked us, I say as I pass
The nest of a meadow lark deep in the grass,
Or hear in the distance the quail calling clear
And know that his mate and his babies are near;
Oh, I say to myself as His wonders I see,
The Lord loves us all or this never would be.

## *The Spirit*

Hold fast and falter not,
  Live out your time;
  Nor rust nor rime,
Nor failure's bitter toll
Can scar the soul.

What matters is not loss
  Which men deplore,
  The sting of bruises sore
Nor hunger unappeased—
But is God pleased?

Serve not your pride,
  That way lies shame.
  Bear if you must men's blame
But, high above the crowd,
Let God be proud.

Not what you've won shall count
  In life's strange race;
  The humblest post or place
May see its hero crowned
Whom fame had never found.

Glory and hurt are kin,
  Forgotten with the years,
  Vanish both smiles and tears;
Be you not turned aside—
God knows what you have tried.

## *Envy*

Time was when a king of the olden days,
  Disturbed by his fretful clan,
Sent ministers forth, both south and north,
  In search of a happy man.

"Go find me a man with his heart content,
  Who maketh no wish for more;
Let the search be had till you find one glad,
  One glad with his present store."

"You have health," said they, to a woodsman tanned,
  "And so have your children three;
You are truly blessed, for that gift is best"—
  "I would I were rich," said he.

"You have gold," they said, to a man of wealth,
  "You can buy what is ever sold."
"Yes," said he, "but I'd happier be
  With the strength of the woodsman bold."

Then they found them a man with a well-filled purse,
  And sturdy and strong was he,
But he said with a sigh: "No child have I,
  But the woodsman there has three."

They searched them high and they searched them
low
And back to the king they went,
And they said: "No man in this royal clan
Sits down by his fire content.

"The woodsman sighs for the rich man's gold,
And the rich man vows that he
Would give his wealth for the woodsman's health,
Or even his children three.

"None thinketh himself by the good Lord blessed,
But counteth his neighbor glad,
And is sure that he would happier be
If the neighbor's joy he had."

There is none who knoweth life's joys complete,
For so do God's blessings fall
That all are blessed as He deemeth best,
But none may have them all.

## *Sunrise*

To-day I saw the sun come up, like Neptune from
the sea,
I saw him light a cliff with gold and wake a dis-
tant tree;
I saw him shake his shaggy head and laugh the
night away
And toss unto a sleeping world another golden day.

The waves, which had been black and cold, came
in with silver crests,
I saw the sunbeams gently wake the song birds in
their nests.
The slow-retreating night slipped back, and strewn
on field and lawn,
On every blade of grass I saw the jewels of the
dawn.

Never was monarch ushered in with such a caval-
cade;
No hero bringing victory home has seen such wealth
displayed.
In honor of the coming day, the humblest plant and
tree
Stood on the curbstone of the world in radiant
livery.

Pageants of splendor man may plan with robes of
burnished gold,
On horses from Arabia may prance the knights of
old;
Heralds on silver horns may blow, and kings come
riding in,
But I have seen God's pageantry—I've watched
a day begin!

## *A New Year's Plea*

Lord, let me stand in the thick of the fight,
  Let me bear what I must without whining;
Grant me the wisdom to do what is right,
  Though a thousand false beacons are shining.

Let me be true as the steel of a blade,
  Make me bigger than skillful or clever;
Teach me to cling to my best, unafraid,
  And harken to false gospels, never.

Let me be brave when the burden is great,
  Faithful when wounded by sorrow;
Teach me, when troubled, with patience to wait
  The better and brighter to-morrow.

Spare me from hatred and envy and shame,
  Open my eyes to life's beauty;
Let not the glitter of fortune or fame
  Blind me to what is my duty.

Let me be true to myself to the end,
  Let me stand to my task without whining;
Let me be right as a man, as a friend,
  Though a thousand false beacons are shining.

## *The Non-Believer*

The non-believer is a man
  Who lets the morning sunshine in
And thinks by chance this world began
  As men throw dice and lose or win;
He sees the violets bloom and blow,
But not the power which makes them grow.

Chance charted every planet's course!
  By chance the summer follows spring!
Chance gave to man the faithful horse
  And made the swallow fleet of wing!
How these things came he doesn't know,
He thinks they merely happened so.

Oh, what a jumble there would be
  If chance were shaping beasts and men.
Could blind chance once repeat a tree,
  Or bring the June rose back again?
The simplest truth we've learned to know,
To-morrow chance might overthrow.

Without confusion or mistake
  There is a power which rules us all,
A higher law we cannot break,
  An eye that sees the sparrow's fall.
In every twig and leaf and blade
I see God's handiwork displayed.

## *Love and a Friend*

"What did you gather of worth and pride?"
Said the Angel of the Lord.
"Little by skill," the soul replied
"And nothing by the sword;
I lived the span of my years and died,
And I gave when I could afford."

"You bring no more than you took away"
Said the Angel, soft and low,
"Neither fame nor fortune marks your stay
Of toil on the earth below;
And I fancy now you are going to say
It wasn't worth while to go."

"I saw the light in my baby's eye
And I felt her hand in mine;
I treasured her love as the days went by
Though I builded no lasting sign;
Of my time on earth, I should say that I
Had blessings nine times nine.

"And a friend I had who was tried and true
  Who shared in my bit of woe;
He wept whenever a grief I knew
  And smiled when the hurt would go,
And all that I suffered I'd brave anew
  Another such friend to know.

"Oh, it's little I gathered of earthly pride
  And it's little I did of worth;
But to sit again at my own fireside
  I'd pass through another birth."
"Love and a friend," the Angel replied,
  "Are the two great joys of earth."

## *Science and Faith*

With argument we spent the night,
  He for his science and its fact,
I for the faith which sheds a light
  The least among us to attract.

He must be sure beyond the doubt,
  Must hold the test tube in his hand,
And from his reckonings cast out
  All that he fails to understand.

By reason only would he move,
  By judgment cold and fact severe,
Discarding all he cannot prove,
  Accepting naught that isn't clear.

Said I: "We never can agree,
  And vainly here we now dispute;
Your science tells you 'tis the tree
  Which bears the blossom and the fruit.

"You hack the roots, the tree will die,
And this your reason can explain;
But vainly will your science try
To bring to life that tree again.

"But when I see an apple tree
Full fruited in an orchard grow,
My faith sees that divinity
Which gave it life and shaped it so."

And thus we parted. "You," said I,
"May have your science if you choose,
But on my faith I must rely,
For naught is left if that I lose."

## *A Beaten Man Talks*

When the blow fell and his hopes went out
He looked at the wreckage strewn all about,
His dream-ship lost in a cruel sea—
"I must make the best of what is," said he.

He was hurt and weary, but still erect
And he said, as the dust from his clothes he flecked:
"I had hoped to be spared such a crushing blow,
But life must be faced as it is, you know.

"'Tis vain to whimper or call to mind
What might have been had the fates proved kind.
Had I turned to the left, 'twere a different case,
But I turned to the right, so this I face.

"To-morrow, as one who has known defeat
And lost his dream, I shall walk the street.
Now this is my problem, beginning here,
Where shall I be in another year?

"I'm a beaten man now. Oh, that fact is true,
I've been given a beaten man's task to do,
And a beaten man's duty is very plain,
He must gather his hopes and begin again."

## *Life Is a Problem*

Life is a mystery, all of man's history
  Tells us but little of how it began.
All earth can show of it,
All we can know of it
  Give scarce a hint of its purpose and plan.
Life is not altered by what men have guessed of it,
He is the wisest who just makes the best of it.

What does it matter to tailor or hatter,
  Butcher or baker or truckmen who drive,
How it all started?
Clear-eyed and warm-hearted
  Each is a person and each is alive!
Life is a problem and this is the test of it,
He is the wisest who just makes the best of it.

Life has its sadness, its goodness and badness,
  Nor all of man's wisdom can alter that fact.
To this should the living
Their full thought be giving,
  How in its grief and its joy shall we act?
Surely if happiness here be the quest of it,
He is the wisest who just makes the best of it.

## *A Book*

"Now"—said a good book unto me—
"Open my pages and you shall see
Jewels of wisdom and treasures fine,
Gold and silver in every line,
And you may claim them if you but will
Open my pages and take your fill.

"Open my pages and run them o'er,
Take what you choose of my golden store.
Be you greedy, I shall not care—
All that you seize I shall gladly spare;
There is never a lock on my treasure doors,
Come—here are my jewels, make them yours!

"I am just a book on your mantel shelf,
But I can be part of your living self;
If only you'll travel my pages through,
Then I will travel the world with you.
As two wines blended make better wine,
Blend your mind with these truths of mine.

"I'll make you fitter to talk with men,
I'll touch with silver the lines you pen,
I'll lead you nearer the truth you seek,
I'll strengthen you when your faith grows weak—
This place on your shelf is a prison cell,
Let me come into your mind to dwell!"

## *To a Friend*

When I shall run my fortune through
To balance life's long bank account,
I shall not, as the misers do,
In money seek some large amount;
But I shall claim those treasures which
Such sordid souls can't comprehend.
In countless ways God made me rich!
It was my luck to be your friend!

Some there must be with wealth and fame
To boast their selfish, paltry deeds,
But I shall say 'twas mine to claim
A privilege man sorely needs.
A gentler blessing God bestowed
On me unto the journey's end,
To share the burden and the road
It was my luck to be your friend.

Brave, gentle soul, my life has run
Through kindly channels and serene,
In all that I have ever done
I've had your strength on which to lean.
In that I'm richer far than they
Who have but yellow gold to spend,
For I can proudly boast to-day
It was my luck to be your friend.

## *A Day Is Not So Long*

From dawn to dusk is not so long
When it is spent in mirth and song;
Night swiftly falls to close the day
That's free from care and rich with play.
The hands upon the clock turn fast,
The happiest hours are soonest past,
But oh, the leaden feet of care
Make long the time of our despair,
And grief and hurt and shame and wrong
Make every troubled day seem long.

Let me be true for just to-day,
Whatever waits along my way!
Surely from daybreak until night
I can be faithful to the right;
Can face one day of blustering rain
And bitter cold, and not complain.
What though I fare to work or play,
Unchanged's the measure of the day,
The bright hours do no faster go
Than those which bear the freight of woe.

'Tis faltering faith and heavy doubt
Which seem to stretch the mornings out,
If pleasure's day so swiftly flies,
For one day can I not be wise?

Can I not face one day of care
And brave the heartache of despair?
Have I not courage stern enough
One day to bear with life's rebuff?
Though long it seems to troubled hearts,
Even the day of grief departs.

Not long the day when laughter rings,
Not long the day which pleasure brings,
Nor longer is the day of woe—
'Tis but man's thinking makes it so.
Then let me, though I smile or grieve,
Keep faith with all from dawn till eve.
Let me each day, through every test,
With courage hold to what is best.
To-morrow waits—blue skies or gray,
I have but to be true to-day.

## *Blessings*

By the blue that bends above us,
By the smiling friends who love us,
By the laughter of a baby
  And the babbling of a brook;
By the glad Junes with their roses,
And each happy day which closes
With the prayers of little children
  Everywhere God turns to look,
We are blessed in countless ways
Through the number of our days.

By the hope which gilds to-morrow,
By the faith which sweetens sorrow,
By the beauty all around us
  When the dawn of day is fair;
By the health which God hath lent us
For the tasks for which he sent us,
We are richly compensated
  For the burdens we must bear;
And though tears of grief may fall,
God has blessed us, one and all.

By the glad smile of a neighbor,
By the joy of honest labor,
By the singing of the kettle
  And the home where we may rest;
By the true friend standing by us
Through the hours when burdens try us,
By uncounted little pleasures
  All our lives are richly blessed;
Never year nor day nor minute
But holds something lovely in it.

## *The Little Deeds*

Lord, I may fail to reach the heights of fame,
The greater deeds must fall to stronger men,
But there's a glory which I ought to claim—
And failing that, how shall I answer then?

I can be true within my little sphere,
I can be kind and gentle to the end;
What though I'm bound by narrow limits here,
Still I am strong enough to be a friend.

Surely I can be brave enough to speak
Sweet words of comfort in an hour of need,
To cheer the lonely and sustain the weak
And light hope's candle with a kindly deed.

What if the throng for me shall never shout?
The few who know me well may speak my praise,
And if I give no cruel cause to doubt,
I have not failed them in their troubled days.

There is so much that truly marks the man.
The greatest conquerors are not always kind,
Who seeks for cheers oft serves a selfish plan;
One may be base and have a brilliant mind.

Perchance I'll fail through all the years ahead
To win the glory which high conquest brings;
But missing that, I would not have it said
I also failed in countless little things.

## *The Brave Hearts*

Just a little sunshine,
  Just a little rain,
Just a little laughter,
  Just a little pain,
Now and then a burden
  All our strength to test,
But the brave go singing
  Toward the golden west.

None get all the laughter,
  None get all the tears,
Joys and griefs are portioned
  Through the passing years.
Sorrows come to try us,
  Cruel seems the pain
But the brave hearts ever
  Glorious remain.

Everywhere you'll meet them,
  Patient, gentle, true,
Knowing all you suffer,
  For they've suffered, too.
Storms have raged above them,
  They have known defeat,
But they've changed life's bitters
  Into memories sweet.

Faith has kept them gentle,
  Faith has kept them brave,
They've strewn sorrow's roses
  On a little grave,
But with hearts courageous
  Still they march along,
Singing, for the living,
  Their triumphant song.

## *If They Could Write*

What glorious news they'd have to tell
If only they could write to-day,
Those who have gone afar to dwell
Where all the glorious spirits stay.
In fancy here I set it down,
What Marjorie would pen for me:
"I've touched the hem of Jesus' gown,
The way they did in Galilee.

"I've smiled at Mary Magdalene,
She visits all the mothers here;
And John the Baptist I have seen,
And all the saints that you revere.
Oh, there is much to see and do,
There's something always going on—
Tell all the boys and girls I knew
I've shaken hands with Washington.

"Longfellow has his children's hour,
And Riley makes us laugh with glee.
I wish I had some magic power
To picture everything I see.

But when you take your Bible down
And read of Matthew, Mark or John,
Or any soul that gained the crown,
Just think I've seen them, every one!"

No letter comes from Marjorie,
And yet I fancy now and then
The glorious tales she'd tell to me
If such a missive she could pen.
And thinking thus, I am content
To bear the loneliness and wait,
Because I know her days are spent
In all the company of the great.

## *The Things I Must Not Do*

Some things there are I must not do:
To self I must not be untrue,
I must not for a profit's sake
A false or mean advantage take,
Or risk an everlasting stain
For selfish pride or paltry gain.

I must not thoughtlessly deride
The things which are my neighbor's pride,
Or hold my head so high that he
May fear to make a friend of me.
I must not, though it be my right,
Disturb his comfort, day or night.

I must not disregard life's laws,
Or think myself secure because
The vile may prosper and the cheat
May seem to flourish in deceit.
If happiness I hope to reap,
Both health and honor I must keep.

Lord, when temptation comes along,
'Tis then, I pray Thee, make me strong.
Let neither fame, nor wealth, nor prize,
To what is manly blind my eyes.
Let it be said, when life is through,
Some things there were I would not do.

## *A Wish*

This I should like to be:
  Big in my little way,
Malice and envy free,
  Strong through the day;
Willing my task to do,
  Patient and fair,
Unto my fellows true,
  Humble in prayer.

Past purse and pride I'd go,
  Striving to find
More ways than now I know
  How to be kind;
Faithful to every trust,
  True to my light,
Honest and clean and just,
  Keeping the right.

When the brief race is run
  This be my praise:
Whether I've lost or won,
  Manly my ways;
Though in life's mire and scum
  Often I fall,
God grant my soul may come
  Clean through it all.

## *Neighborly*

Not great, but neighborly I'd be,
With eyes that are awake to see
The tender little lines of care
Upon the faces everywhere—
With wisdom that can understand
From just the pressure of a hand,
Or just a word, voiced soft and low,
Whether the heart be glad or no.

Along my little path I ask
Full strength to meet my daily task,
And then this knowledge: that there beat
No truer hearts than those I meet;
That all that life has power to give
Lies round about me where I live;
That rich or poor, unto the end,
Or high or low, a friend's a friend!

Not far I'd travel. There's no need!
Here I can do the kindly deed.
Here I can laugh and live and learn.
Here all the lights as brightly burn

As those which shine on haunts afar.
Here troops of merry children are,
Grown men and women good to know,
What more can distant scenes bestow?

Not great, but neighborly I'd be.
Would better know the ones I see
From day to day, and better share
Their fleeting joys and times of care.
I'd speak with deeper meaning, too,
The morning's greeting: "How d'you do!"
And reap from life as much of love
As those who reach the heights above.

## *Dark Days*

Life has laughter in it,
  Smiles and songs of glee,
But the care-free minute
  Stays not constantly;
Cares will come to vex us,
  Burdens we must bear,
Problems grave perplex us
  As through life we fare.

Life has hours of duty,
  Days of trial, too,
Ugliness and beauty
  Age has wandered through;
Hills to climb and hollows
  Where our feet may rest;
After pleasure, follows
  Many a cruel test.

None forever dancing,
  None forever sad;
Yesterday's romancing
  Was a joy we had;
Now our hearts are aching
  With the hurt of grief,
Shall we, God forsaking,
  Falter in belief?

God was in our pleasures,
God was good to give;
In the joy He measures
God is seen to live;
Shall He then desert us
In our times of fear,
When our sorrows hurt us
Will not God draw near?

Pain and joy are blended
Ever through the years,
Life, until it's ended,
Runs through smiles and tears;
And the God who gave us
Joys which slip away,
Sends his love to save us
When we meet dismay.

## *The Effort*

When man has done his level best,
I fancy God is satisfied.
He need not be in splendor dressed,
Known north and south and east and west,
Nor tread the paths of pride;
If he is earnest in the test,
God knows how hard he tried.

Not all the good men rise to fame,
Nor all the kings are crowned.
Full many a long forgotten name
Has borne life's battle but to claim
An unremembered mound.
And men from men have suffered blame
When God no fault has found.

'Tis fine to do the splendid deed,
'Tis sweet to reach the goal.
But oft the dreams of men may lead
Them past their strength, to fall and bleed,
And failure signs the scroll.
But 'tis not said we must succeed
To make the perfect soul.

When man has done his level best,
I fancy God is satisfied.
Though night shall find him sore distressed,
Beset by cares, by men oppressed,
His victory denied,
God knows how cruel was the test
And just how hard he tried!

## *Test of Philosophy*

Bill is a philosopher—but Bill has gold to spend,
And Bill can very glibly say that troubles quickly end,
And he can laugh at clouds of care and tell us not to fret—
Bill might well talk a different speech if he were deep in debt.

I've trudged the long and dreary road,
I know the way of pain,
I've had the cold sleet slash my face and felt the stinging rain,
And many a time I've thought of Bill and wondered on the way
If he were burdened down with care just what he'd have to say.

The test of all philosophy is not my neighbor's care,
And I can say to him, "Be brave!
To-morrow may be fair!"
But I have felt the bite of grief, and well I understand
That better far than words of cheer is someone's helping hand.

The cross upon a brother's back to-morrow may be gone,
But now it is a heavy weight while he is trudging on,
And who will lift the load a bit and rest his shoulders sore
Expresses the philosophy the world is hungry for.

## *Advice*

My boy, be easy with your friend.
To him be very glad to lend;
Make smooth his way whene'er you can;
Don't tell his faults to any man.
Spare him your censure; shut your eyes
To little flaws which may arise.
But in your search for fame or pelf,
Do not be easy with yourself.

For others have a gentle way;
Forgive their sins whene'er you may,
But with yourself be strict. Make sure
That fault of yours shall not endure.
See in yourself each trifling flaw,
And make yourself obey the law.
O'erlook the wrongs which others do,
But never blind yourself to you.

Although deceit might win your fight,
Compel your self to do what's right.
Of others' weakness never speak,
But do not let yourself be weak.
Have pity for the many woes
Which every man around you knows;
But when a trial comes to you,
Be glad that you can see it through.

Keep conscience always as your guide
And by its whisperings abide.
Be lenient and kind of heart;
Utter no speech which leaves a smart.
But always wheresoe'er you turn,
Remember, with yourself, be stern.
Be strict in all you say and do,
Not with your neighbors, but with you!

## *Against Odds*

Suppose, for a minute, you stumbled and fell
To the bottom, we'll say, of a ninety-foot well,
And nobody heard you or answered your shout,
Would you lie there and die, and not try to get out?

Suppose you were cornered, we'll say, by a brute,
With no one to throw you a rifle to shoot,
With no one to help in your terrible plight,
Would you give up your life without making a fight?

Well, this little trouble which has you upset
Is nothing compared to what others have met;
So why do you whimper and whine o'er your case,
Why give up and quit without making the race?

Remember, my boy, when you're troubled by doubt,
From caverns of gloom men have worked their way out.
When the Fates have you cornered, your courage must show—
Don't lie down and die at the very first blow.

## *Our Own World*

"It's a friendly world, it's a friendly world,"
Said a genial chap to me.
"There's always a friend who will lend a hand,
Whatever your care may be.
Though some may pass in their eager haste,
And some have never an hour to waste,
And some are backward, and some afraid,
Never for long will you cry for aid.
Oh, troubles may come, but they always end,
In the joy of finding another friend."

"It's a bitter world," said the pessimist.
"It's a selfish world, and cold;
And men think only from day to day,
Of copper and silver and gold.
You can cry for aid till your voice is hoarse,
And never a stranger will change his course.
With a dollar to gain, or a foe to cheat,
Mankind goes hurrying down the street.
And even the friends whom mortals choose
Are merely the men whom they hope to use."

It's a curious world, it's a curious world,
Thought I, when the talk was done.
It's a friendly world, it's a bitter world—
It's a cruel and narrow one!

It must be all that these men have found
As they've lived their lives and journeyed round.
So if one is friendly, the world will be
As friendly and gracious and kind as he.
And if one be selfish or narrow, then
He will find those faults in his fellow-men.

## *Stone-Throwers*

Stone-throwers, is there no wrong you have done?
Are you so clean that you dare to defame
One who has honestly stumbled in shame?
What if your records were bared to the sun?
Have you not cheated and have you not lied,
Played for position and bartered for pride?
How can you stand up and preach about sin,
Knowing the wrong which your smugness shuts in?

Stone-throwers, now if your records are clear
Tell us the pathway such splendor to gain!
Lead us and guide us who suffer life's stain.
If you are blameless, then justly you sneer,
But once spake the Master, to whom all was known:
"Let him without sin come and cast the first stone."
And none of that number could look in His face,
For each in his breast bore the stamp of disgrace.

Stone-throwers, better sweet patience than rage,
We, too, have erred if the world only knew;
Not always unselfish the deeds which we do,
Not without blemish or blot is our page.
Fearless to stand against wrong should we be,
But who of us here from all sinning is free?
Who of us here, when the long race is run,
Will not ask forgiveness for something he's done?

## *References*

Suppose the Lord should say to me, when I get
over there:
"Your references I want to see. I hope I'll find
them fair.
Where have you lived and worked and played?
Give me the names of those you've known,
Who'll tell the record you have made?"—
I'd mention those I call my own.

I should not give familiar names nor those of
persons great,
Nor offer lordly sires and dames my character to
state,
But I should say: "They knew me best—my wife
and children three,
To what I was they can attest, go question them
of me.

"Send to the little home I tried to keep with mirth
aglow,
Better than all the world outside the man I was they
know;
Oh Lord, I did not rise to fame; high worth Thou
canst not find,
But I preserved my home from shame, and there
they'll call me kind."

When at the last the Lord demands my references
from me,
Where all men stand with empty hands to face
eternity,
This I would have as final proof of how my life
was spent:
My own to say, "Beneath our roof lived laughter
and content."

## *Faith*

This much I know:
  God does not wrong us here,
  Though oft His judgments seem severe
And reason falters 'neath the blow,
  Some day we'll learn 'twas better so.

So oft I've erred
  In trifling matters of my own concern;
  So oft I've blundered at the simplest turn,
Chosen the false path or the foolish word
  That what I call my judgment seems absurd.

My puny reason cries
  Against the bitter and the cruel blows,
  Measuring the large world by the inch it knows,
Seeing all joy and pain through selfish eyes,
  Not knowing hurt and suffering may be wise.

But I have come to see,
  So vast God's love, so infinite His plan
  That it is well it was not left to man
To alter or to say what is to be,
  When reason failed, faith also then would flee.

God knoweth best!
  Through the black night and agony of grief
  Faith whispers low: "Hold fast to your belief!
In time His purpose He shall manifest,
  Then shall you learn how greatly you were
    blest."

## *On a Certain Religious Argument*

Argue it pro and con as you will,
  And flout each other with words,
But the rose will bloom and the summer still
  Will bring us the song of birds.

How was He born who came to earth,
  With the Godlight in His eyes?
Wrangle and quarrel about His birth,
  And yet you shall not be wise.

And what does it matter? The clover blows
  And the rose blooms on the tree,
And only the God in heaven knows
  How these things come to be.

You take the flower though you cannot say
  Why this is red or white,
You accept the warmth of the sun by day
  And the light of the stars by night.

You joy in a thousand mysteries
  Which your wisdom can't explain,
The green of the grass and the rolling seas
  And the gold of the harvest grain.

So why do you bother your heads at all?
  And why does your faith grow dim?
You take the flower on the garden wall,
  So why will you not take Him?

## *Grief*

I could not utter it last night
  Because the voice was dumb,
But now alone I try to write
  The words which would not come.
When all the bitter tears are dried
  Sometime when you're alone,
You'll find a calm to those denied
  Who never grief have known.

I know the hurt is keen to-day,
  I know the loss is great,
But what if you should go away
  With no one there to wait?
And oh, how lonely Heaven would be
  If all you loved were here,
And there was none you longed to see
  To welcome you, my dear.

If God had spared you every blow
  Which comes to us on earth,
Had shielded you from every woe
  And filled your years with mirth,

And then at last He bade you leave,
Your place above to find,
For weary years you'd sadly grieve
For those you'd left behind.

Oh, you have had a lovely child,
And you have lost a son;
But soon you shall be reconciled
When life's brief time is done;
For Heaven is made of those we love,
The beautiful and true,
And God has taken him above
To build a Heaven for you.

## *Thanksgiving*

Dear Lord, accept our humble prayer
Of thanks for all Thy watchful care,
For yield of field and vine and tree
Our hearts give gratitude to Thee;
Now lies the frost upon the vine,
We see another year decline,
But through the pain and strife and woe
Thy blessings manifestly show.

Dear Lord, for laughter and for song
Which have been ours; for righted wrong,
For steps of progress we have made,
For all the works of art and trade,
For science which has conquered pain
And given hope where hope seemed vain;
For all that helps mankind to live,
This day to Thee our thanks we give.

Dear Lord, despite its pain and strife
We thank Thee for our richer life;
This is a better world for man
Than when this closing year began;
We who have suffered still can find
Proof of Thy love and mercy kind;
In all our works Thy hand we see
And bow in gratitude to Thee.

## *The Burdens*

If all the days were fair
  And every dream came true,
There'd be no need for prayer
  Or faith to guide us through.

If trouble never came
  To test us or affright,
Courage would be a name,
  Success, a cheap delight.

If every day brought mirth
  To mortals as they plod,
If heaven could be on earth
  There'd be no need for God.

'Tis when the storms assail
  And when we're sorely tried,
When all resources fail
  Then God is at our side.

Through darkness and through pain,
  When other aid has flown
And all our strength seems vain,
  He makes His presence known.

And so from hurts that grieve
From anguish and despair,
Come courage to achieve
And faith to conquer care.

We rise to greater heights
Beneath the lash and rod,
Those troubled days and nights
Nearer draw us to God.

## *A Plea for Faith*

O lad o' mine, O lad o' mine, be never coldly dumb
to me!
Whatever care is on your heart, be ever quick
to come to me.
Come with the truth upon your tongue, and have
no fear or doubt of me—
I have such love for you, my lad, no hurt can drive
it out of me.

O lad o' mine, O lad o' mine, your father God has
made of me,
And shamed I'll be, to go to Him, if ever you're
afraid of me.
I'll grieve to learn you've done a wrong, but 'twill
be worse distress to me,
To find you've hid behind a lie and would not all
confess to me.

O lad o' mine, O lad o' mine, you are the living part
of me—
To find a stranger in my place would surely break
the heart of me.
Keep faith in me; whate'er befalls, I'll stand and
share the worst with you.
No friend shall be so true as I—but oh, I must
be first with you.

## *The Salesman Courageous*

He came in as a salesman, head erect he said to me:
"I am selling here a product which I think you'd
like to see.
It's a handy thing for men folk, it's a useful thing
for wives,
It's a clever new invention made for sharpening
carving knives."
And I paid to him a dollar without giving it much
thought,
But I've learned some things about him, since that
article I bought.

He sold me on the merits of the thing he had to sell,
Never let me guess that morning what a story he
could tell;
I thought him somewhat better than the common
run of men,
But the burden of his sorrow wasn't even hinted
then.
We were just two busy mortals working out our
little lives,
I a writer, he a salesman of a thing for sharpening
knives.

Of the losses he had suffered, not a word he spoke
to me,
He came to talk on business, not to ask for sym-
pathy.
He was down through grim misfortune, as I later
came to learn,

But was fighting for existence till the wheel of luck should turn,
And was just too game to whimper any sad and sorry tale—
On the merits of his product he would make or lose a sale.

So I hail that fellow's courage and I mark him as a man,
One too big to ask for business on the common beggar's plan.
No apology he offered for the thing he had to sell,
He would not affect my judgment by the sorrows he could tell.
And I give this illustration of one brave man I have met
Who would not display his heartaches for the business he might get.

## *Do It*

If they give a job to you,
  Do it.
Stick right there and see it through,
  Do it.
If they thought you couldn't do
Such a job, and quickly, too,
They'd not give the work to you,
  So do it.

When on you a task is laid,
  Do it.
Jump right in, don't be afraid,
  Do it.
Bosses never walk about
Giving work to men they doubt,
So when they have picked you out,
  Do it.

Stick right there and play the man,
  Do it.
They who ordered think you can,
  Do it.

Never doubt yourself, but say:
"They have faith in me or they
Would not throw this chance my way,
I'll do it."

Difficult or something new,
Do it.
It's a sign men trust in you,
Do it.
If they thought that you'd be weak,
Or possessed a coward's streak,
For another man they'd seek,
So do it.

## *A Preference*

I think that I would rather see
My children happy at my knee,
My neighbors' smiling faces when
I start from home or come again;
A garden small, but mine to claim,
Than rise unloved to wealth or fame.

I think that I would rather own
The fellowship of those I've known,
Their good opinion and their trust,
Than win by many a cruel thrust
The pomp and riches of a place
Which only knows the fawner's face.

True peace is born of little things,
The song the brave canary sings,
Glad little memories of the past
Which seemed too trivial to last,
But brighter glows throughout the years
As symbols of our smiles and tears.

We write our lives, where'er we dwell,
On those who love and know us well.
Strangers may cheer us from afar,
But neighbors see us as we are.
I'd rather have my worth be told
By happy hearts than glittering gold.

## *As We Prayed*

Often as we watched her there
From our lips there fell this prayer:
"God, give us the pain to bear!
Let us suffer in her place,
Take the anguish from her face,
Soothe her with Thy holy grace."

Then the angels came, and they
Took her lovely soul away
From the torture house of clay.
As we'd prayed, they brought release,
Smoothed her brow with gentle peace,
But our pain shall never cease.

Ours is now the hurt to bear,
Ours the anguish and despair,
Ours the agony to share!
When our hearts with grief were stirred,
Thus we prayed and thus were heard,
Shall we fail to keep our word?

Was our promise all in vain?
Would we call her back again
Just to spare ourselves the pain?
We are hurt, oh, that is true!
Desolate and lonely, too,
Suffering as we pledged to do.

Lovely now her life shall be
Safe through all eternity,
Always beautiful to see;
Now the pain is ours to know,
But we prayed to bear this blow
That she need not suffer so.

## *Consolation*

What comfort have I now to give,
To soothe the heart, to which has come
That grief which leaves our senses numb?
That grief which makes it pain to live
And darkens every path, and seems
The end of all our happy dreams.
Oh, friend of mine, be brave, and know
That never will she suffer so.

Together we have prayed that she
Might longer stay with her caress
To fill the day with happiness;
But, oh, what bargain could there be,
What pledge or promise could we make
To save ourselves this present ache
And keep her here? Ten years? Ah, no!
'Twould hurt us then to let her go.

There is no time that we could set
For parting. We who must remain
Are never ready for such pain.
Ever our prayer would be: "Not yet!
Not yet, dear God, another day,
With us let our beloved stay."
We must believe when falls the blow
That wisely God has willed it so.

God has her in His keeping now,
  Angels attend her through the day,
  Never her feet shall go astray,
Never shall anguish line her brow,
  Never a bitter thought shall find
  Harsh lodgment in her gentle mind.
Lovely her girlhood shall remain,
Safe from the hurt of time and pain.

## *Dealing With Me*

I must be strict with me! Too oft I find
Unto myself 'tis easy to be kind.
Duty declares: "This is the thing to do!"
But, Self, I am so lenient with you.
I hear you murmur, "That is hard!" and so
I choose the easy way and let it go.
I know the right; I know what ought to be;
I also know I should be strict with me.
I should compel me with what strength is mine
To live my life precisely to the line.

To others' faults I'll gladly shut my eyes;
Therein I think the joy of friendship lies.
I will not hold them fast to rules and laws,
Insisting grimly on each written clause;
I'll grant them favors whensoe'er I may,
Deal gently with them in their work or play,
Make life for them as pleasant as I can,
For that is conduct which befits a man.
But, Self, what oft I let another do
I must not ever countenance in you.

One breaks the rules! That is not my concern.
To keep the rules is what I have to learn.
He does this thing or that, and I consent;
By that I show my brotherly intent.
But I must never seek, the while I live,
The slight advantage I am pleased to give.
'Tis good on others favors to bestow,
But unto me no favors must I show;
In every test, whatever it may be,
Let come what may, I must be strict with me.

## *The Future Great*

Turn to the future, boy! There wait
To-morrow's leaders strong and great.
  Across the far-flung sky of fame
  Full many a meteor shall flame.
A book some struggling youth shall pen
Shall stir once more the hearts of men.
  The world must have its conquerors new
  And one of them may well be you!

Read with amazement this man's tale!
A poor boy once, whose cheeks were pale,
  Starting with nothing but the will
  Some useful post on earth to fill,
Now rich, and leading countless men.
This story shall be told again—
  Some one this selfsame feat shall do;
  Take heart, my boy, it may be you.

Nothing is strange about it, lad;
New strength, new vigor, must be had.
  Brave youth must rise! Each age demands
  Clear brains, strong hearts and willing hands.
There is no limit placed on fame;
'Tis something any boy can claim.
  Hold fast! Work hard, be strong, be true—
  The future keeps a place for you!

Think not that every battle's won
Or all the deeds of splendor done;
  There's not a field upon the earth
  But waits to bring new fame to birth.
Poor boys with glory shall be crowned,
And men shall pass their stories round.
  This great success which thrills you through,
  To-morrow may belong to you.

## *You*

You are the fellow that has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.
You are the fellow who makes up your mind
Whether you'll lead or will linger behind,
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar
Or just be contented to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it. Here's something to do!
Just think it over—It's all up to you!

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk,
Known as a good man who's willing to work,
Scorned for a loafer or praised by your chief,
Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?
Eager or earnest or dull through the day,
Honest or crooked? It's you who must say!
You must decide in the face of the test
Whether you'll shirk it or give it your best.

Nobody here will compel you to rise;
No one will force you to open your eyes;
No one will answer for you yes or no,
Whether to stay there or whether to go.

Life is a game, but it's you who must say,
Whether as cheat or as sportsman you'll play.
Fate may betray you, but you settle first
Whether to live to your best or your worst.

So, whatever it is you are wanting to be,
Remember, to fashion the choice you are free.
Kindly or selfish, or gentle or strong,
Keeping the right way or taking the wrong,
Careless of honor or guarding your pride,
All these are questions which you must decide.
Yours the selection, whichever you do;
The thing men call character's all up to you!

## *Choosing a Friend*

If he will add one touch of grace
Unto your conduct or your mind,
Or help you to a loftier place,
Then to his petty faults be blind.
If he inspires one nobler thought
By which your spirit can ascend,
Then, son of mine, I'd say you ought
To cherish him and be his friend.

If in his play you find him fair,
If to his vows you find him true,
If walking with him anywhere
You have no dread of what he'll do;
If in his company you feel
Yourself a better man to be,
Then you have come to friendship real—
A comrade worth your love is he.

If he is higher bound and tries
To reach the finer things of earth,
Yet does not common truths despise,
Or sneer at men of lesser worth;
Then be he rich or poor, my son,
Stay by him to the journey's end.
For deep as this must friendship run,
All this it takes to make a friend.

Look to the other side! If he
Be clever, witty, worldly-wise,
Yet lacks the character to be
A man, in all the word implies,
If seeking pleasure's selfish end,
He cares not who may grieve or frown,
Then never make of him your friend,
For surely will he drag you down.

## *Philosophy*

This is all the world will ask:
Do your best with every task.
Take your share of cloud and rain,
But do not bitterly complain;
Don't go moping round the place
With a sad and gloomy face.
Other folks have troubles, too,
Much like those which come to you.

Rain is rain and care is care,
Wrong and loss are everywhere,
Rank injustice stalks about,
Life is hard to reason out;
Now and then you'll wonder why
Some are laughing when you sigh,
You will stumble, fall, but then
Rise and go to work again.

Do your best, and let it go.
Do not wince at every blow—
Other people suffer care,
Other men have hurts to bear,

Other men by griefs are bowed,
But they do not cry aloud;
They would never have it known
What they suffer when alone.

That all men have cause to sigh
Only foolish tongues deny.
Care is here. There's none so strong
But must sometime suffer wrong.
You will weep and you will frown,
You will see the rain come down,
But be big enough to bear
Single-handed with your care.

## *Prayer for the New Year*

Grant me the strength from day to day
To bear what burdens come my way,
Grant me throughout this bright New Year
More to endure and less to fear,
Help me to live that I may be
From spite and petty malice free.

Let me not bitterly complain
When cherished hopes of mine prove vain,
Or spoil with deeds of hate and rage
Some fair to-morrow's spotless page;
Lord, as the days shall come and go
In courage let me stronger grow.

Let me with patience stand and wait,
A friend to all who find my gate,
Keep me from envy and from scorn;
As shines the sun with every morn
On great and low, so let me give
My love to all who round me live.

Lord, as the New Year dawns to-day
Help me to put my faults away,
Let me be big in little things,
Grant me the joy which friendship brings,
Keep me from selfishness and spite,
Let me be wise in what is right.

A happy New Year! Grant that I
May bring no tear to any eye,
When this New Year in time shall end
Let it be said I've played the friend;
Have lived and loved and labored here
And made of it a happy year.

## *Career*

These things you'll need to see you through:
The pluck to face a problem new,
The will to do the best you can
And win or lose, to play the man;
Some thought for others toiling near,
This warms with friendship your career;
Then crowning all, when grief comes on,
Unfaltering faith to lean upon.

Your wit a little while may reap
A few successes, paltry, cheap;
With selfishness you may obtain
The fortune which you hope to gain,
But if you have not that within
Your soul which whispers through the din
Of turmoil: "Be you patient, wait!"
Failure shall sweep you to your fate.

When blows the tempest, and to you
Come difficulties, strangely new,
If you, unschooled to danger, stand,
Luck will desert your trembling hand;

If in your happier days you've shown
No thought for others, but alone
Have lived; when fond hopes fade,
You'll sigh for friends you could have made.

Guard your career by faith! For when
You too must weep as other men,
And, helpless to explain or stay
The call which takes your love away,
If you have not that sure belief
That God is with you in your grief,
Through many a bleak and barren year
You'll stifle in your own career.

## *Lord, Make a Regular Man Out of Me*

This I would like to be—braver and bolder,
Just a bit wiser because I am older.
Just a bit kinder to those I may meet,
Just a bit manlier taking defeat;
This for the New Year my wish and my plea—
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit finer,
More of a smiler and less of a whiner,
Just a bit quicker to stretch out my hand
Helping another who's struggling to stand.
This is my prayer for the New Year to be,
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit fairer,
Just a bit better, and just a bit squarer,
Not quite so ready to censure and blame,
Quicker to help every man in the game,
Not quite so eager men's failings to see,
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit truer,
Less of the wisher and more of the doer,
Broader and bigger, more willing to give,
Living and helping my neighbor to live!
This for the New Year my prayer and my plea—
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

## *Lines for A Friend's House*

God bless this house and all within it,
Let no harsh spirit enter in it.
Let none approach who would betray,
None with a bitter word to say.
Shield it from harm and sorrow's sting,
Here let the children's laughter ring.
Grant that these friends from year to year
Shall build their happiest memories here.

God bless this house and those who love it,
Fair be the skies which bend above it.
May never anger's thoughtless word
Within these sheltering walls be heard.
May all who rest beside this fire
And then depart, glad thoughts inspire,
And make them feel who close the door,
Friendship has graced their home once more.

God bless this house and those who keep it,
In the sweet oils of gladness steep it.
Endow these walls with lasting wealth,
The light of love, the glow of health,
The palm of peace, the charm of mirth,
Good friends to sit around the hearth,
And with each nightfall perfect rest—
Here let them live their happiest.

## *Faithless*

Poor is the man who counts this life
By days of pleasure and of strife,
Who thinks this paltry gift below
Is all that he shall ever know,
And wails no poverty is worse
Than is the poverty of purse.

He has no faith to lean upon,
No source of strength when hope is gone.
He feels the winds of winter blow,
He sees the cruel ice and snow,
And thinks men suffer grief and pain,
Love and are loved, and all in vain.

Yet he who cannot see the snow
And feel the winds of winter blow
With faith that spring and summer wait
With all their beauty at the gate,
Is poorer and more wretched than
The pale, decrepit beggar man.

He may be rich in purse, but when
He shares the common fate of men,
And one he loves is called away,
If all his joy was housed in clay
And he has seen no spirit there,
Then he is naked to despair.

No God to turn to with his prayer,
None for his absent ones to care,
No life beyond this stretch of years,
No future hope to dry his tears,
Then, in his darkest hour of need,
The faithless man is poor indeed.

## *Training*

Let me not walk the way
Head high and blindly;
Let me go through to-day
Bravely and kindly.
I have been taught the truth,
Well do I know it—
Trained from my earliest youth—
Now let me show it!

I know how men despise
Hearts cold and cruel;
Honor's a thing to prize—
Life's fairest jewel.
I know what's falsely gained
Has no joy in it;
I have been truly trained,
Fit for each minute.

Lord, they have told me all,
Told and repeated;
Onto them shame shall fall
Once they have cheated.
I have been taught the way
At desk and altar,
Why should I then to-day
Fail them or falter?

They have not let me grow
Blind to life's beauty;
Here without doubt I know
What is my duty.
Let me then walk the way
Free from complaining,
Living this little day
True to my training.

## *The Need*

We were sittin' there, and smokin' of our pipes, discussin' things
Like taxes, votes for wimmin, an' the totterin' thrones of kings,
When he ups an' strokes his whiskers with his hand an' says to me:
"Changin' laws an' legislatures ain't, as fur as I can see,
Goin' to make this world much better, unless somehow we can
Find a way to make a better an' a finer sort o' man.

"The trouble ain't with statutes or with systems—not at all;
It's with humans jus' like we air an' their petty ways an' small.
We could stop our writin' law-books an' our regulatin' rules
If a better sort of manhood was the product of our schools.
For the things that we air needin' isn't writin' from a pen
Or bigger guns to shoot with, but a bigger type of men.

"I reckon all these problems air jest ornery like
the weeds,
They grow in soil that oughta nourish only decent
deeds,
An' they waste our time an' fret us when, if we were
thinkin' straight
An' livin' right, they wouldn't be so terrible and
great.
A good horse needs no snaffle and a good man, I
opine,
Doesn't need a law to check him or to force him
into line.

"If we ever start in teachin' to our children, year
by year,
How to live with one another, there'll be less o'
trouble here.
If we'd teach 'em how to neighbor an' to walk
in honor's ways,
We could settle every problem which the mind o'
man can raise.
What we're needin' isn't systems or some regulatin'
plan
But a bigger an' a finer an' a truer type o' man."

## *The Mothers of the Ministers*

The mothers of the ministers, how happy they must be,
For they have realized the dream my mother held for me!
They have the joy they hoped for, have the good for which they've prayed
And the wish that every mother of a baby boy has made.

I never see an acrobat go tumbling through the air,
But what I think some mother's little minister is there.
When Ty Cobb hits a homer and the crowd applauds the "peach",
I wonder if his mother wouldn't rather hear him preach.

Above my little cradle, in the days of long ago,
A great cathedral hovered and the bells swung to and fro,
And every Sunday mother heard the chimes and seemed to see
The worshipers assembling there to listen unto me.

But, oh, I took to writing, for I was a willful lad,
And the minister she dreamed of was a joy she never had;
For my brothers took to business and I choose to serve the Press,
And I robbed my little mother of her dream of happiness.

Yet what if every mother had her fondest dream come true,
And every mother's son should do the work she'd have him do;
The world would teem with ministers, there'd be so many here
You couldn't get a plumber when the faucet's out of gear.

## *A Bit of Advice*

Laugh and take the jest of life, be a man with men,
Give a blow and take a blow and rise to fight again.
But take a tip from one who knows and have it understood—
Yes, get it clearly in your head,
Hang it just above your bed,
Say it when your prayers are said:
"You needn't be a sissy to be good."

Sing and dance and have your fun, but keep this truth in mind:
All the joy that is worth while is of the honest kind.
Get out among the rugged men, do what others do,
Brave the wind and face the rain,
Bend your muscles to the strain,
Have red blood in every vein,
But still stay clean and true.

Never shrink from any task, hear what you must hear,
Take your post whate'er it be, but keep your conscience clear;
Build your manhood firm and strong, stand where men have stood,
Fight whenever you must fight,
Work to win with all your might—
But remember, day and night:
"You needn't be a sissy to be good."

## *The Things He Didn't Do*

He did a lot of clever things,
  Which brought him wealth and fame,
He earned the cheers which conquest brings,
  The public knew his name;
But still they doubted his success
  Who lived with him and knew,
They needed for their happiness
  The things he didn't do.

He never wandered with his boy,
  Or shared a day with him;
He never went for simple joy
  To hunt or fish or swim;
Severe and stern he went his way,
  And never seemed to guess
That they were hungering day by day
  To share his happiness.

They missed him from their home at night
  And longed to see him there,
But fame and fortune held him tight
  And called him from his chair;

And though they gloried in his deeds,
They sadly came to find
That even earthly greatness needs
The simple things and kind.

Success is more than pomp or skill,
And more than worldly fame,
'Tis not enough to climb the hill,
Or win the passing game;
And who would come to happiness
Where love and peace are known,
Must learn that none achieves success
By cleverness alone.

## *The Violets*

Away from all the paths of men,
Deep hidden in the tangled glen,
I found, to lighten up the gloom,
A clump of violets in bloom.
Violets as perfect and as true
As those the florist sells to you,
Violets as brave as those which grow
Where people daily come and go;
And, catching their sweetness on the air,
I wondered why God set them there.

Why in this tangled place away
Should God bid violets to stay?
Men very seldom journey here,
The spot is ugly and severe,
And far from all the praise which makes
Man glory in the pains he takes.
Would mortal strive his best to be
If never mortal smiled to see
His brave achievement? No, a flower
Is quickened by the sun's warm power.

Yet here are violets growing on,
Asking not praise from anyone,
Making this dismal corner bright,
Though hid away from human sight;
Perhaps believing one like me

Some day by chance may come and see
Their loveliness, and with a smile
Make all their patient toil worth while,
Knowing, however great the cost,
That faithful work is never lost.

Then can I not be just as true
Though men my work may never view?
If violets can be violets, when
God sets them from the haunts of men
And bids them blossom there alone,
Unseen, unpraised, unloved, unknown,
Can I not be a man, although
A humble post is mine to know?
Need I, though little praise I gain,
Fancy that I have lived in vain?

## *The Butterfly Discusses Evolution*

"In a very recent age,"
Said a wise and serious sage
To a butterfly with wings of golden flame,
"You were not so fair to see,
You've a horrid ancestry,
From a crawling caterpillar stock you came.

"Now you proudly spread your wings
And you feed on dainty things,
You are beautiful to look at, but I shrug
My shoulders with disdain,
When I think how very plain
You must have been when you were but a slug."

Said the butterfly: "I know
In some distant long ago
As a caterpillar crawling on my way,
I was lowly as could be,
But what is that to you or me?
I am certainly a butterfly to-day!

"As a caterpillar slow
I could never guess or know
What my purpose was while crawling on the bough;
But I stretch my wings and fly,
And you surely can't deny
That I am a lovely butterfly right now!"

## *What Counts*

It isn't the money you're making, it isn't the clothes
you wear,
And it isn't the skill of your good right hand which
makes folks really care.
It's the smile on your face and the light of your eye
and the burdens that you bear.

Most any old man can tell you, most any old man
at all,
Who has lived through all sorts of weather, winter
and summer and fall,
That riches and fame are shadows that dance on
the garden wall.

It's how do you live and neighbor, how do you work
and play,
It's how do you say "good morning" to the people
along the way,
And it's how do you face your troubles whenever
your skies are gray.

It's you, from the dawn to nighttime; you when the day is fair,
You when the storm is raging—how do you face despair?
It is you that the world discovers, whatever the clothes you wear.

You to the end of the journey, kindly and brave and true,
The best and the worst of you gleaming in all that you say and do,
And the thing that counts isn't money, or glory or power, but *you!*

## *The Song of Enough*

I'm getting along, with a bit of a song
  And a bit of a smile for my neighbor.
I've managed to grin, with the little I win
  Day by day as the bit from my labor.
Time was in the past I stood often aghast
  As the storms of despair swept around me,
But my ship, although small, bravely weathered
    them all
  And nothing I've dreaded has downed me.

I've not had the luck which some others have struck,
  I've neither been famous nor wealthy,
But I've always had meat when I wanted to eat
  And I thank the good Lord I've been healthy.
Some things I have missed on the millionaire's list,
  But the friends I have made have been true ones;
I have always had suits, shirts and neckties and
    boots,
  Though I couldn't afford many new ones.

I'm getting along, just as one of the throng,
  Day by day I have worked for my money,
But in spite of the care and the burdens I bear
  I've supped of life's nectar and honey.

My house isn't large, but love has it in charge
And in peace and contentment I dwell there,
And all men I defy, to be happier than I
When a friend puts his hand to the bell there.

I'm getting along with a bit of a song
For I've learned what I knew not at twenty,
That enough for each day, with a bit put away
For the cares of my old age, is plenty.
I have eaten and slept, and at times I have wept,
I've done all that the Lord lets a man do;
I've made friends on the way, and I venture to say
That is all that the richest man can do.

## *Sermons We See*

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely
tell the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the
ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always
clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who
live their creeds,
For to see good put in action is what everybody
needs.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue
too fast may run.
And the lecture you deliver may be very wise and
true,
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what
you do;
For I might misunderstand you and the high advice
you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and
how you live.

When I see a deed of kindness, I am eager to be kind.
When a weaker brother stumbles and a strong man stays behind
Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me
To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.
And all travelers can witness that the best of guides to-day
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who shows the way.

One good man teaches many, men believe what they behold;
One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told.
Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor dear,
For right living speaks a language which to every one is clear.
Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say,
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one, any day.

## *Gettin' Old*

Gettin' old's not hard, I say,
If it's done the proper way;
When you're findin' out how much
Joy is in the common touch,
Learnin' from experience
An' the book o' common sense
That a man, whoe'er he be,
Richly dressed or poor to see,
Really's tryin' hard to do
Just about the same as you;
When you've found the worth o' gold,
Then you're glad you're gettin' old.

When you've come along the years,
With their smiles an' bitter tears,
An' have seen through clearer eyes
Many things you used to prize
Lose their value, an' you know
Much you didn't long ago;
When you've learned that creed an' birth
Are not real stamps of worth,
An' you've scraped through the veneer
Of the sham an' pomp down here
To the truth you want to hold,
Then you're glad you're gettin' old.

When you've come at last to find
Joy is born of bein' kind;
When you've learned to disbelieve
Tales which make another grieve
An' to them you shut your ear;
When you are not quick to sneer
An' have turned from selfish strife
To the gentler ways o' life,
In your wisdom findin' out
Things you never dreamed about
In your youthful days an' bold—
Then you're glad you're gettin' old.

Gettin' old's not hard, I say,
If it's done the proper way.
Youth is mad with haste an' blind
To the peace which old men find;
But when you have traveled far,
Come to know men as they are;
When you've learned through hurts and aches
All the errors hot youth makes,
An' have found the lasting worth
Of the simpler joys of earth;
When life's purposes unfold,
Then you're glad you're gettin' old.

## *Fishing*

Who taught the willows how to bend
So gracefully to kiss the stream?
What power to-day contrives to send
The sunshine where the birches gleam?
Who taught the song birds how to sing
Those melodies of rich delight?
Where are those small clouds wandering?
Hello! I thought I felt a bite!

Look at the dogwoods over there!
No mortal mind created them!
God's magic glistens everywhere!
That bulrush has a sturdy stem,
What purpose does it serve, and why
Those water lilies gleaming white?
There's life in land and sea and sky!
Great Scott! I've had another bite!

Men build with brick and steel and stone
And soon their labor disappears,
But there's an elm tree fully grown,
And it's been there for years and years.

In town I seldom think of God,
  But here I feel that He's in sight
And very close, and that seems odd—
  Hello! That felt just like a bite!

Fishing's a curious game! The stream,
  The sky, the song birds and the breeze
Conspire to make the angler dream,
  There is a charm in all he sees;
That stuff I learned in Sunday school,
  Out here I am convinced it's right,
Who doubts God's love must be a fool!
  Quit dreaming now! You've got a bite!

## *Fellowship*

The earth is warmed by the kindly sun,
But lives are warmed by the deeds of men
And their words of praise when our best we've done
And the parting wish that we'll meet again.

The clouds may blanket the sky with gray
And the earth grow chill as the rain descends,
But he shall keep smiling along his way
Whose heart is warmed by the love of friends.

It's the glad "hello" and the handclasp true,
The smile of joy on a friendly face,
That means contentment for me and you
And makes of the earth a happy place.

It isn't the gold that we strive to earn,
Nor the fame we struggle so long to win,
For these are glories we'd quickly spurn
If never a kind heart took us in.

The poorest man on this earth is he
Who has bartered his friendships for selfish gain,
Who has sought advantage by trickery
And seeks for a welcoming smile in vain.

For the earth is warmed by a higher plan,
And he shall be glad when his work is done
Who has kept the faith with his fellow man,
And the peace of his own conscience won.

## *Beauty*

The beauty of a lily and the beauty of a face
Make bright a gloomy corner and exalt the common place;
But there's nothing shines so brightly in this world of human need,
As the beauty and glory of a kind and thoughtful deed.

There are lovely things to look at—there's the blue sky and the sun
And the hilltops in the distance, and the works that men have done,
And the best of God's creations, in this world of joy and smart,
And the helping hand of service and the big and generous heart.

Not on canvas or in marble, or in flowers which bloom to fade,
Or in lovely skies which vanish, are the lasting beauties made;
They make bright the dismal places, but the kind and cheery voice,
And the heart that is unselfish, make the weary to rejoice.

There is beauty in a lily, and there's beauty in the hills,
There is beauty in the blossoms wet with dew the morning spills;
But the richer, lasting beauty which this world forever needs,
Through its days of tribulation, is the beauty of our deeds.

## *The Painter*

When my hair is thin and silvered, an' my time
of toil is through,
When I've many years behind me, an' ahead of
me a few,
I shall want to sit, I reckon, sort of dreamin'
in the sun,
An' recall the roads I've traveled an' the many
things I've done.
An' I hope there'll be no picture that I'll hate
to look upon
When the time to paint it better or to wipe it out
is gone.

I hope there'll be no vision of a hasty word I've
said
That has left a trail of sorrow, like a whip welt,
sore an' red;
An' I hope my old age dreamin' will bring back no
bitter scene
Of a time when I was selfish an' a time when I
was mean;
When I'm gettin' old an' feeble, an' I'm far along
life's way
I don't want to sit regrettin' any by-gone yester-
day.

I'll admit the children boss me, I'll admit I often
smile
When I ought to frown upon 'em, but for such a
little while
They are naughty, romping youngsters, that I have
no heart to scold,
Age to me would be a torment an' a ghost-infested
night
If I'd ever hurt a baby, an' I could not make it
right.

I am painting now the picture that I'll some day
want to see,
I am filling in a canvas that will come back soon
to me.
An' though nothing great is on it, an' though
nothing there is fine,
I shall want to look it over when I'm old, an' call
it mine.
An' I do not dare to leave it, while the paint is
warm an' wet,
With a single thing upon it that I'll later on regret.

## *Tulips*

Bulbs I planted in the fall,
Covered them, and that was all;
Bitter blew the wind that day
As I smoothed the bed of clay,
But I whispered: "In the spring
This will be a lovely thing."

Then the winter came and frowned
On that little patch of ground,
Covered it with ice and snow,
Uglier it seemed to grow;
Bleak and desolate and bare
As if death itself were there.

Now the sunbeams come to toil
Busily above my soil,
And with sculptor's blows precise
Now they chip away the ice,
Melt with torch the frost and snow
So that every bulb may grow.

Through the black earth I can see
Beauty coming back to me,
Life in blossom shall unfold,
Red and pink and yellow gold!
Thus my tulips in the spring
Prove the faith to which I cling.

## *Why Fathers Boast*

Little girl, just half past two,
With those laughing eyes of blue
And that smirk of mirth and gladness,
And that flash of mischief, too;
Can you tell just what your dad is
Thinking of, and just how glad is
That old heart of his this minute
To be looking down on you?

Other little girls have eyes
Just as sparkling with surprise,
There are countless other babies
Just as mischievous and wise;
But to me, I swear 'tis true,
Not another one would do,
There's no baby in this wide world
Quite so wonderful as you!

You have something, I suppose,
Not another baby knows,
I could pick you from ten millions
By the wrinkles on your toes;
By that something extra fine,
I should say almost divine,
By that radiant lovely spirit
I should know that you were mine.

Little girl, just half past two,
Though I boast the charms of you,
That is something ever other
Doting daddy here will do;
Just as I fill up with pride,
Every daddy, far and wide,
With the baby God has sent him,
Is supremely satisfied.

So I'm telling this to you,
Little girl, just half past two,
That you'll not grow over boastful
Of the foolish things I do;
North and south, and east and west,
By this fancy we're possessed.
Every dad, the world wide over,
Thinks his babe the very best.

## *The Faith of the Traveling Man*

Since I've been a bit of a traveling man
My heart goes out to the drummer clan,
For I've learned a lot which I didn't know
In my younger days, as I watched them go,
When I envied them and their chance to ride
Over the country and far and wide.
But I've lost the lure of the leather grip,
And I live in dread of another trip,
And I've shaped my life to a different plan,
For I haven't the faith of a traveling man!

I haven't that faith which can keep me strong
When I'm outward bound and the miles are long,
I can laugh and jest till the day is through,
But I can't keep up on a letter or two.
I long for the sight of a tousled head
And a healthy boy on his little bed;
In spite of the news which their mother writes,
I haven't that faith for the lonely nights.
I frequently doubt what the letters tell
And I long to see them to know they're well!

But a traveling man must travel along
Whether matters at home are right or wrong.
He cannot go to their rooms at night
And see for himself that they are all right,
He must live by faith at the long day's close!
He must think them well, but he never knows!
He must cure himself when his thoughts grow black,
And that is the sort of faith I lack.
"Don't worry! We're well!" she may write to me,
But I've got to be with them where I can see.

## *The Package of Seeds*

I paid a dime for a package of seeds
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"
He said with a smile on his lip,
"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas!
Ten cents a package! And pick as you please!"

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,
And the dimes are the things that he needs;
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,
But have thought of them merely as seeds;
But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time,
"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create,
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,
Which the wisest cannot understand.
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!"

These are seeds, but the plants and the blossoms are here
With their petals of various hues;
In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,
There is power which no chemist can fuse.
Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold,
Thus for ten cents an ounce is Divinity sold!

## *Kirby, the Rose Lover*

I've been down to Kirby, down to Kirby and his roses,
And his peonies and pansies and his countless stock of posies,
And he never mentioned dollars, never talked about his neighbors,
Never spoke a word of scandal or the hardship of his labors.
But he led me through his gardens and, his eyes with kindness glowing,
Like a father to his children, talked of living things and growing.

We spent the day with blossoms, stood about and talked them over,
Saw the orchards pink with beauty, and the meadows white with clover.
And he taught me little secrets of the peonies and roses,
As one mother to another all that she has learned discloses,

Taught me how and when to plant them, how to
know wild shoots from true ones,
What to cherish of the old ones, what is worthy of
the new ones.

Oh, I don't know how to tell it, but I felt my soul
expanding,
Felt my vision growing wider as with Kirby I
was standing,
And I thought my little garden could be lovelier
and brighter,
That my roses might grow redder and my peonies
grow whiter,
And my life a little finer if I recognized my duty
And thought less of selfish profit and a little more
of beauty.

## *A Summer Day*

Blue in the sky and green in the tree
And a bird singing anthems of gladness for me,
A breeze soft and fair
As a little girl's hair,
With nothing that's ugly or base anywhere;
A world that's swept clean
Of the doubtful and mean,
With nowhere a hint of the care that has been.

I stand at my gate with the sun in my face,
And I thank the good Lord for such beauty and grace.
Time was, I declare
When the snows drifted there,
And those boughs with their blossoms were ugly and bare.
Now the sin and the wrong
Of the cold days and long
Are lost in life's splendor of sunshine and song.

God makes it all right in good time, I believe,
We doubt when we're troubled, we doubt when we grieve;

Like a stark, barren tree
Looms the wrong which we see.
Hurt, anguish and care hide the splendor to be,
But at last from the pain
Rises beauty again,
And there's never a bough that has suffered in vain.

Perhaps at the last, 'neath a lovelier sun,
When the anguish and hurt of life's growing is done,
We may rise from our pain
Showing never a stain
Of the cares of the years which fell on us like rain;
When the soul is set free
All the flaws we now see
May be lost in the joy of the new life to be.

## *Grace at Evening*

For all the beauties of the day,
The innocence of childhood's play,
For health and strength and laughter sweet,
Dear Lord, our thanks we now repeat.

For this our daily gift of food
We offer now our gratitude,
For all the blessings we have known
Our debt of gratefulness we own.

Here at the table now we pray,
Keep us together down the way;
May this, our family circle, be
Held fast by love and unity.

Grant, when the shades of night shall fall,
Sweet be the dreams of one and all;
And when another day shall break
Unto Thy service may we wake.

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